

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

I HAVE just read an article (written by a well-known cleric) in a national daily, in which the writer greatly deplores what he calls the mad rush towards escapism... yet in the same article he states that the demand for religious books has never been so great as it is to-day.

Well now, unless the population has suddenly increased, the obvious conclusion is that a greater percentage of the people are looking to religion for comfort, and if that is so, the proportion of "escapists" must be less, or there must be a sort of "neutral" pool of people sitting on the fence waiting to be convinced... and as they decide which way to turn, so the number fluctuates.

In other words, there is a great "undecided."

A vast multitude not only waiting, but clamouring for something to ease the nervous tension of five years' war... longing for something which will give them satisfaction, preferably permanently, but if that is too difficult and they are not in the mood, then something temporary, to put them right for the immediate future, as it were.

"Anything... anything... ANYTHING," they cry, like a pain-racked casualty crying out for morphia.

It is only to be expected that many take the easy way and fly to the films or public-houses, and as these are more "on show" as it were (being in the public eye), they lead the spectator to think that the majority of the populace are "escaping" via these two channels.

As one who thoroughly enjoys a good film, and does NOT walk on the opposite side of the road of a pub for fear of "contamination," I look on these things as possessing less sting than is credited to them by the scaremongers.

Now, I am not pretending that cinemas may not show some films which, to say the least of it, cannot be called edifying, nor am I claiming that every person who staggers out of a public-house "blind to the world" is setting a good example to others; but I do honestly believe that the MAJORITY of the people are fairly sane and balanced, even in these unbalanced and insane days.

The wives of the men abroad are undoubtedly, in the main, acting not only sensibly, but heroically, simply longing for the day of reunion.

There may be cases of infidelity here and there, but only a small proportion of the womenfolk lose their heads. Unquestionably, by far the greater number are too self-respecting and too proud of and devoted to their menfolk.

The demand for religious literature has never been so great as it is to-day.

Considering the amazing number of new books published nowadays, that statement speaks volumes, surely.

Every day one can see new,

arresting book jackets, almost irresistible in their attractiveness and inexhaustible in their variety... there is NO shortage of books both good and indifferent.

YET... the demand for religious books is greater than ever, and I'll guarantee that if anyone recommends a really constructive book he has read, you will almost invariably find that it is sold out in a couple of days.

Time and time again I have chased round the bookshops in search of a stray copy of a book which the day before flooded the counters.

The public does not want to "escape" to the pubs and cinemas... the thinking public wants something more substantial; and what is wanted is something to make the whole public more of a thinking one... Not to make them into bookworms ploughing through dull, dry text-books, or confused congregations restlessly undergoing the agony of unintelligible sermons...

The public wants something it can understand easily and quickly, yet which is going to provide a peace of mind based on confident hope and trust.

The public is mainly weary. But didn't Christ say, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"?

The public want peace... didn't Christ say, "My peace I give unto you"?

The whole world wants to feel that it has a chance to live decently without fear of being crushed by Greed and Hatred... without fear of poverty and injustice.

Didn't the doctrine of Christ provide the basis upon which that state could become a reality?

Therefore, it seems that the cure is already with us.

All that is needed is a clarifying of the treatment... making it plain instead of wrapping it up in trimmings, which may be more confusing than enlightening.

Make religion so real that even those who cannot read religious books can get a hold on it, and see that it is for them, whether they be rich or poor, high-born or lowly.

Christ, one of the greatest who ever lived, was undoubtedly one of the poorest... and could any birth have been more lowly than in a stable?

Even if you are prepared to accept Christ only as a social reformer... you will find that his doctrine is the only one which makes life worth living... FOR THE MILLIONS... and not for the few who happen to be born lucky.

If the scaremongers are afraid of the cinemas and public-houses, then they must surely look to see what they have neglected to tell the people about other things.

Because the "other things" are real and ETERNAL, therefore all "rivals" must fade into insignificance beside them. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

THERE was a golden moment in my life. It was beside that pleasant swimming pool at Monte Carlo Beach where the aristocracy of Europe basked on the hot concrete surround, and, as usual, the Aga Khan sat in a canvas chair, smiling generously.

A maiden whose name I shall never know told me I had a laughing torso. In the years to come it has been a comfort and solace. When I stare down at my lank leanness, there is a feeling of reassurance to know that it was once graciously complimented by a girl who may have been looking at the Aga Khan all the time.

But now my body is no longer what it appears to be. It is a hattle-ground where incredible things are happening—more, it has ceased to represent Man, the ultimate triumph of Nature and the beloved of Destiny, becoming, instead, a slave to something called endocrinology.

There are, scattered about my body, a group of glands or pairs of glands. They are something like the glands with ducts, such as those which produce tears or saliva, but because they empty their secretions direct into the blood they are called ductless glands by the old-fashioned and endocrines by the moderns.

Either way the result is a blend of ruthless bureaucracy and fussy democracy.

SECRETIVE WORKERS.

It would not be so bad if the secretions—"hormones" to the wise—did anything visible; they work indirectly, however, causing certain bodily functions to take place, with bizarre results.

There is a master gland, the pituitary. It is no bigger than a hazel nut kernel and hangs coily from a short stalk in the head, consisting of anterior and posterior lobes. This sounds harmless enough, yet a pituitary tumour of the anterior lobe resulted in Goliath of Gath.

Because this gland let him down by clouding his judgment, Napoleon lost Waterloo, and the last half of his intellectual life was hopelessly ruined. Frölich's disease, the medical name for under-activity of the anterior pituitary, resulted in the fat boy of the "Pickwick Papers."

There is another gland, called the thyroid, which consists of two lobes alongside the Adam's apple. The effect on the laughing torso can drive every happy thought from the human mind.

The thyroid secretes a substance dubbed thyroxin, an iodine compound. About three grains stand between a normal man and a gibbering idiot. Deficiency in the thyroid at birth produces cretinism, while enlargement results in horrific goitres.

Yet, apart from its power to make adult hair fall out, the skin to thicken and the mind and speech to slow down, at

Nigel Morland tells how

the behest of a deficiency known as myxoedema, the thyroid has risen from its station, as it were.

Once it was a sex gland, but for some evolutionary reason it has climbed to the neck.

"FINDING HIS ADRENALS."

Tattered dignity sinks with the thought of the parathyroids, which are smaller than a grain of rice. There are two on either side of the thyroid lobes. They regulate the amount of

confronting him, adrenalin makes a man fight... or run. Adrenalin is the only specific for asthma which never fails to banish an attack.

Its co-worker is cortin, from the cortex. This has a less spectacular role, but none the less an astonishing one. It controls water distribution in the body and its uses of energy.

More than that, it is responsible for a sex-controlling substance the absence of which causes a woman to develop secondary male characteristics, such as whiskers and a bass voice. This deficiency can produce Addison's disease, a grim infliction marked by pigmen-

can be a man possessing a skin like a baby's, very little beard, and teeth showing the remnants of the infantile set, together with that hall-mark of a sissy—blunt, unpointed canines.

The pineal is a little dark red acorn-like organ, the size of a rice-grain, which, like the pituitary, hangs from a stalk. For anything so small its results are depressing if it does not atrophy by the age of seven and completely suspend operations when puberty is reached.

It can become diseased in some male children and manifest its condition by a sexual and intellectual precocity which causes an apparently normal moppet to grow up almost overnight.

A small boy in rompers reaching for the nearest house-maid is what happens.

Probing scientists have tried out pineal extracts on successive generations of rats, raising little monsters about two inches long, with broad faces, bulging eyes, short snouts, and dog-like round heads.

CONTROL OF SUGAR.

Two more classifications deserve a brief mention before the innards of my laughing torso can return to shy anonymity.

There is the pancreas, which, however, is no stranger to the world.

It fathers the most powerful of the digestive enzymes and ferments, and, more importantly, supplies the body with insulin, which controls the sugar in the blood as strictly as Lord Woolton does it outside.

If insulin is not there, it is just too bad, because diabetes is the result, and insulin has to be artificially injected to deal with things.

Last come the gonads, or sex glands. Rightly speaking, the reproductive organs are not endocrines, or ductless glands, though they manufacture an internal secretion essential for the normal appearance of the secondary sexual characteristics—the form of the body in a woman, the beard and the deepening voice in man.

Such is how my body bows to an invisible autocracy. Medicos say that a person with a well-developed post-pituitary will have marked artistic ability; they claim this gland shapes my personality, even wakes me up and puts me to sleep.

Extracts from my secretions can make daffodils bloom all the year round, and when I am very old highly concentrated intramuscular glandular injections will keep me going a long time more.

If I momentarily delude myself that these endocrines are a biological miracle dictated by some sort of exciting genetical behaviour when I was little more than a twinkle in father's eye, I rub my skin hesitantly and somewhat fearfully.

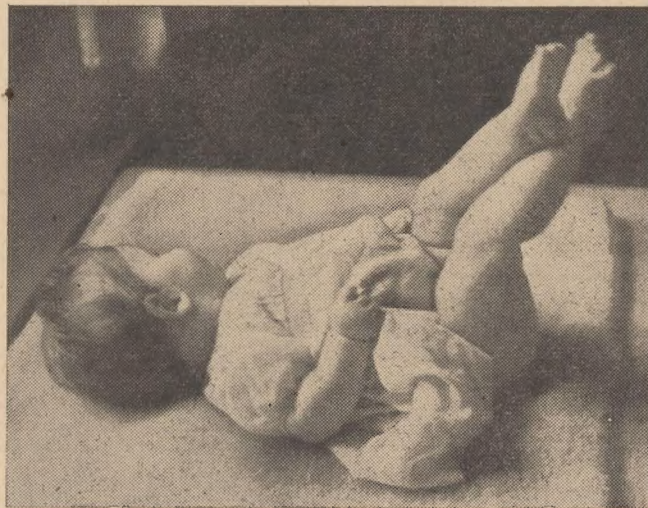
I had thought my skin was just a covering to keep me in and the rain out. It is more than that.

My endocrines and my bulging central nervous system were formed by an infolding of the outer layers of me when a developing embryo. It shows resource and an economy on the part of Nature which, knowing her impartial prodigality in other directions, is slightly confusing.

This sketchiest of outlines is enough to end for ever my pathetic faith in the innocence of my laughing torso. What it hides is what gets me down.

Though I am perhaps a wise man in knowing my own endocrines, it is like going round with a delayed action bomb inside me.

There are no means of telling, for instance, whether something will not start my pituitary off on a rampage and cause me to get a rush of unnatural feelings—since a dose of pituitary secretion jolted a chicken not even old enough to lay eggs into behaving exactly like a broody hen.



Bonny Good Gland Baby

lime or calcium in the blood, manufacturing parathyrin, a blood clotter on which I depend when I cut myself at shaving.

The powers of these infinitesimal objects drop into insignificance, however, when I think of the adrenals, or suprarenals.

Placed just above the kidneys, each of these is a composite gland with a yellowish outer envelope-like cortex, or bark, and an inner part, the medulla.

Vying with the pituitary as boss-gland of the body, the adrenals make the powers of Merlin and a miracle-working Saint look silly. The medulla secretes adrenalin, which stimulates the muscular fibres in the walls of the blood-vessels so that they contract.

It also acts through the sympathetic nervous system, and if cold, fever, anger, fear, or any emotion upsets the balance of the body, adrenalin makes the heart pump more efficiently, hardens the muscles, and bullies the digestion into stopping altogether.

The brain—even the dullest brain—speeds up to something faster than lightning, and whatever the situation

tion of the skin, severe prostration, progressive anaemia, and other manifestations which not infrequently end fatally.

If this were not enough in the way of secretions, or hormones, Harvard Medical School recently found four more in the adrenal gland.

With the many-sided ability of a virtuoso, this quartet lightly display such powers as increasing the blood pressure, stimulating sexual development in boys and girls, as well as doing this in females only: the fourth hormone choosily increases male sexual development and retards it in females.

The weird catalogue is by no means finished. The shrinking torso has also the thymus and the pineal glands. This first—in the thorax, just above the heart—increases in size during the first year or two of life, then decreases until the age of puberty, when it is very small.

It entirely disappears by the time adult years are reached, and is said to delay the development of the reproductive organs.

But should the thymus dominate the physiology there is hell to pay. The result

Sunday Thoughts

I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised!

Pepys.

The country life is to be preferred, for there we see the works of God, but in cities little else but the works of men.

William Penn (1644-1718).

God's grace is the only grace, And all grace is the grace of God.

Coventry Patmore.

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life

is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

Cardinal Newman.

I recollect an acquaintance saying to me that "the Oriel Common Room stank of Logic."

Cardinal Newman.

This is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.

Cardinal Newman.

Did not God Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,

We should be ruined at our own request.

Hannah More (1745-1833).

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He changeth not, and thou art dear; Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

John Monsell (1811-1875).

None can love freedom heartily, but good men; the rest love not freedom, but licence.

John Milton.

Just are the ways of God, And justifiable to men; Unless there be who think not God at all.

John Milton.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a Tape Measure.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

STARLINGS CRASH A NEST

THE keeper was good at spotting anything in the woods, but it took even him several minutes to spot the woodpeckers, though he could hear their "tap-tap" somewhere overhead.

Then a piece of rotted chip came floating down, and, following its direction, he saw a tiny spot of crimson caught in a ray of sunlight that came searching through the trees.

It was the bright head of a green woodpecker, its dark green body being hardly discernible against the background of boughs and leaves. The birds were so absorbed in digging out a nesting-place that they took no heed of the keeper standing below. So he went on his way, satisfied that the woodpeckers had chosen an inaccessible spot, out of reach of all marauders—bird, beast or man.

In about a week's time the birds should be settled in; for he knew that a cavity of about a foot deep would have to be bored to satisfy the requirements of Mrs. Woodpecker before she dare venture to deposit four glossy white eggs in the scooped-out hole.

He left them "tap-tapping" away in a network of sunshine.

A week later the keeper called to see how the pair were progressing—and was just in time to prevent an ejection order.

A pair of impudent starlings had come across the hole in the decayed bough; had examined it from all sides, and pronounced it to be the very thing they were looking for—a "labour-saving house."

There were intense flutterings on the part of the timid woodpeckers, who, though armed with long, serviceable beaks, were by nature too inoffensive to use them as home-defence weapons.

The impudent starlings sat perkily over the woodpeckers' home, jeering and twitting them with cowardice, while the timid woodpeckers flitted helplessly from bough to bough, terrified by the bold front put on by the intruders.

The keeper saw and understood the situation. He "shoo'd" away the ill-mannered starlings, and because they still hung around and refused to

give up possession, a charge of shot put them away for ever.

Mr. Woodpecker can now be seen clinging in a free-and-easy style to the straight-up sides of the trees.

He still taps away industriously, but now he searches for insects under the bark, and works alone.

But every now and again a flash of green darts upwards to the hole in the bough, as Mr. Woodpecker carries a tasty grub in to his partner.

The keeper, passing down below, sees the flash of green and crimson, and knows the green woodpeckers have now settled in—in spite of the disturbance of starlings and shot-guns.

J. S. Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

British patents are valid for sixteen years.

The Order of Merit is one of the most highly prized honours. The only woman ever to receive the Order was Florence Nightingale in 1907.

The Latin word "nisi" used in a decree of divorce means "unless." The decree is made binding on a specified date, "unless" reasons to the contrary are shown.

A juggernaut is an idol, a particular form of the Indian god Vishnu, which at certain ceremonies is taken through the streets in a car. It is not the car, as erroneously supposed, that is the juggernaut.

The Royal Society, founded by Royal Charter in 1662, has had for its president many illustrious men, including Sir Christopher Wren, Pepys, Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Humphry Davy. The first president was Viscount Brouncker.

DIDN'T KNOW OWN HUSBAND

IT is the only case in history of its kind. One man stole another man's wife, and the wife, quite honestly, claimed both as her husband.

A legal court decided against one of the men, and he was executed; but nobody knows to this day whether the innocent man suffered.

It occurred in France, about the year 1825, and you will find the records of the amazing case in the law chronicles of Rieux Court. You will also find it in the records of the Surete, the Paris Scotland Yard.

Arnold Du Tild, a small farmer of Segias, in the Upper Languedoc, who was a bachelor and lived alone, was about to go to bed one night when a knock came to his door. He opened it to find Martin Guerre, who lived at Artigues, some miles off, standing before him.

HUSBAND GOES OFF. They had been comrades in arms in the recent war, and Guerre had married a village beauty, and had a small son.

Now, Guerre had come to say that he had determined to leave the district because of constant quarrelling with his wife and her uncle Pierre.

The uncle interfered with his household, and Guerre had been charged by the uncle with desiring his death so that he might succeed to property.

So he was going away. And he had told his beautiful wife, Bertrand, that he would not return until her uncle was dead.

Du Tild had been in love with Bertrand before her marriage, but he tried to persuade Guerre to go back home. But Guerre wouldn't. He left next morning; and Du Tild said that he, too, would leave the district.

The strange fact was that there was a certain likeness between the two men, but Guerre had certain scars on his cheek and other marks that distinguished him. Within a week both men disappeared from the scene.

PRODIGAL'S RETURN. Eight years passed. The names of both were almost forgotten, when one morning Bertrand saw a man enter her little garden gate. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Don't you know me, Bertrand?" said the man. "I am your husband come back."

Bertrand threw her arms around him.

Her sisters—three of them—who now lived with her, came out and recognised the husband. The son, now aged nine, recognised him. The uncle, Pierre, recognised him. Other villagers recognised him.

He was travel-stained and shabby, but asked for his suit which he had left behind. His wife had kept it for him, believing he would return.

That night there was merry-making and dancing, and everybody welcomed the husband home again.

He told them how he had been at the war in Spain, and then had gone to Italy to fight again. He remembered every item of the home, and constantly referred to matters that only his relatives knew about.

Three years passed in happiness. Bertrand became the mother of two more boys.

It was noticed, however, that Guerre had changed in some ways. Previously he had been an ideal citizen who never swore. Now he both swore and drank; but his wife put it down to army life.

THEN SUSPICION.

In the fourth year after his return Guerre and Uncle Pierre went to a village fair where there was a wrestling booth.

The champion wrestler invited all comers to try their strength with him; and the villagers, seeing Guerre, clamoured for him to take on the challenge, for he was a famous wrestler in his day.

But this time Guerre hung back. He said he didn't want to wrestle.

Says Marcus Delinger

The champion of the booth called out that he would not take on Martin Guerre because he had met him at Toulouse two years previously, and admitted that Guerre had been more than a match for him, in spite of Guerre having a wooden leg.

"Guerre never had a wooden leg," shouted Uncle Pierre.

"Yes, he had," declared the champion. "He told me he had lost it in the wars."

They began to argue—and during the argument Martin Guerre slipped away and went home.

Uncle Pierre returned and declared that he had had information from the wrestler, and that he believed that Guerre was not Guerre, but was Du Tild.

Uncle Pierre ordered Bertrand to quit the house. Bertrand replied that she knew her own husband.

The upshot was that Uncle Pierre laid information against the husband and he was arrested and charged with stealing a wife. The trial took place at Rieux.

A LEGAL TANGLE.

Thirty-five witnesses were brought by the prosecution. All swore that this man was Du Tild, and not Martin Guerre. Among them was the cobbler who used to make Guerre's shoes. He said Guerre used to take a number eight, but this man took a number ten.

Forty witnesses, including Bertrand, the wife, and her three sisters, declared that this was her real husband.

The accused submitted himself for examination, and it was admitted that the scars on his face were identical with those on Guerre's face. Three warts on the back of Guerre's right hand were there. A deformed finger-nail on his left hand was further proof.

Examination showed that the accused could answer every question satisfactorily pertaining to his childhood, and give particulars of births, deaths and marriages among the villagers.

The defence was that this was a conspiracy against him by Uncle Pierre, who, angry at his desertion of his wife for eight years, wanted to ruin him. In spite of all this the jury brought in a verdict of Guilty and the prisoner was sentenced to death.

But, owing to a possibility of doubt, the sentence was postponed, a higher court took up the case, and a commission was appointed to investigate the whole case. A description of the "missing" man was circulated throughout France.

At the next hearing the prosecution produced what they called "the real Martin Guerre." He had a wooden leg. The two men were confronted with each other.

Both claimed to be Martin Guerre.

The wife and her three sisters immediately changed their minds and declared that the newcomer was the real husband. The son said so, too. Yet the identification marks on both men were identical.

Evidence was produced to show that Martin Guerre really had lost a leg, really had been a great wrestler, really had private knowledge that his wife had to admit, and there were some other bodily scars by which his identity was "proved."

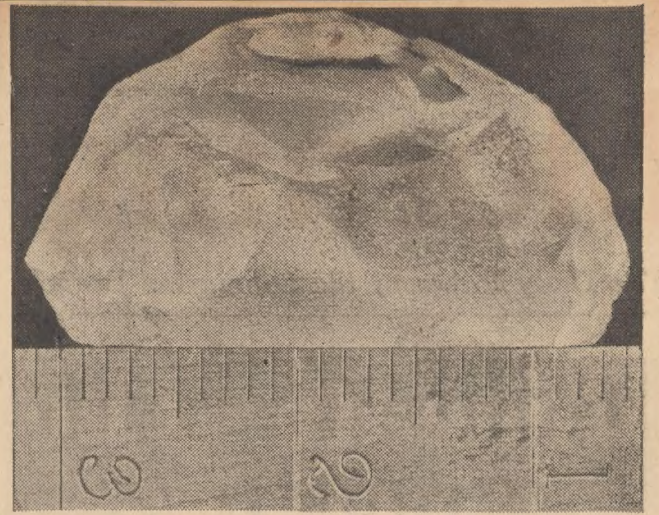
MYSTERY STILL.

So, although the first man still declared his innocence of the crime, he was again pronounced Guilty. He was also accused of witchcraft, and was hanged, and his body burned and the ashes thrown away.

The authorities said that he confessed his guilt just before he died, but there is no proof of this.

His property was handed over to his two sons, whose mother was Bertrand Guerre.

Martin Guerre refused to live with his wife, so she never got a husband after all.



THEY'LL CUT UP BIGGEST DIAMOND

by Anthony Slade

THE biggest diamond ever found in the Colonial Empire has recently been unearthed in Sierra Leone. Weighing 530 carats in the rough—three times larger than the Koh-i-Noor—it is going to make diamond history.

A few months from now, an expert will give a gentle tap with his counter-balanced hammer, and the giant stone will split into perfect sections.

If Lazare Kaplan, the famous cleaver, has misjudged by a thousandth of an inch the direction or position of the diamond's grain, the stone will fall into a mess of odd-sized fragments—a disaster!

If all goes well, the diamond will become a score of smaller stones of perfect beauty, blue-white gems to grace the fingers of queens or the turbans of maharajahs. They will range in size from five to fifty carats, and the large gem that was once worth £50,000 will be worth fully £500,000 in its newly finished pieces.

The danger of disaster is so real that when the giant Jonkers stone, found by a Boer farmer in South Africa in 1925, was prepared for cleaving six years ago, Lloyd's of London refused to insure against the risk.

Harry Winston, the diamond merchant, staked £120,000 on the chance of converting the Jonkers into a dozen gems of exceptional beauty.

It was a breathless moment when Lazare Kaplan administered the decisive tap, and earned a fee reputed to have been £10,000.

Every time a diamond cleaver adjusts his steel hammer he gambles with fortune.

When Joseph Asscher risked his employer's millions in cleaving the Cullinan, he had a doctor and nurses in attendance, and nearly collapsed from the strain.

The slightest unperceived flaw in the crystalline structure—always difficult to detect

behind an exterior akin to frosted glass—may ruin months of careful planning.

A once-famous diamond, the Silver Standard, dropped into obscurity because the banging of a door at the critical moment upset the cleaver, and still another diamond was ruined by an ill-judged intake of breath.

For months, seeking to avoid these perils, Lazare Kaplan will study the Sierra Leone stone.

Only diamond can cut diamond, and once the striking point has been decided, Kaplan will slowly, laboriously, scratch a groove, fine as a razor edge, with a specially constructed tool.

Into the V of the groove goes a short, blunt steel blade, to give the effect of a wedge, and it is the swift, nicely-judged blow with the counterpoised hammer on the wedge that splits the diamond.

Still smaller segments of the stone may be divided in the same fashion, cut and polished.

Much of the diamond may become dust in the process, to be sold at 10s. a carat for industrial purposes, but the profits mount on the larger stones.

One of the Jonkers gems, for instance, is still offered for sale at £200,000—£30,000 more than Harry Winston paid for the full rough stone.

The dramatic moment of cleavage is followed by weeks of cutting. Diamond dust fed across a wheel with olive oil saws across the grain instead of with the grain, and an electric motor gears the wheel to 2,500 revolutions a minute, but the cut of a single facet may take five weeks or more.

Fortunes are won and lost in the world's largest diamonds, but huge sums have always to be spent in the salaries of expert cleavers and cutters, and these surgeons of beauty are in the money all the time.

PUZZLE CORNER

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two manufacturing towns in the North of England. 1, A yellow compound of copper and zinc. 2, To dry and parch by exposure to heat. 3, The first letter of the Greek alphabet. 4, Refuse of malt from the brewery. 5, Soft and downy matter. 6, To go beyond. 7, To appeal or direct to. 8, A priest of paganism among the ancient Celtic nations.

(Solution in S 47)

DO YOU KNOW?

- (1) How many M.P.s in the House of Commons?
- (2) Who founded the Boy Scouts?
- (3) What is a peseta?
- (4) Who wrote the "Odyssey"?
- (5) Who discovered radium?
- (6) What is the meaning of "fid def" on coins of the realm?
- (7) Who was the armless and legless M.P.?
- (8) What was the "Barebones' Parliament"?
- (9) What is the Bessemer Process?

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find the first and last columns give you the names of

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

HERE are some of the stamps issued in Europe since the occupation by the Germans. No copies of these stamps have been seen before in England.



As I pointed out in a previous article, it is illegal to trade in present stamp issues of the Axis Powers or of any country occupied by the Axis. The stamps illustrated here were got hold of by "The Stamp Magazine," and I didn't ask them how.

The most striking set I have seen is the new Orval Restoration Fund set issued by Belgium in 1942.

They are slightly larger than normal stamp size and beautifully designed and printed. There are twelve stamps in the set, ranging in face value from ten cents to five francs. The designs, of which there are six, all show monks at work on the building of their abbey.

It was in 1928 that the Belgian Government first issued charity stamps to raise funds for the rebuilding of Orval Abbey.



At the November Philatelic Exhibition in Antwerp, five thousand complete sets were sold and specially postmarked.

There have been other issues since then, and they have always been distinguished for the excellence of their design and printing.

The charity stamps of some of the European countries, particularly Switzerland and Holland, are masterpieces of production, and have a very large following, in this country especially, where we have no charity issues of our own.

Slovakia, another German-occupied country, brought out in 1942 an interesting set of commemoratives to mark the occasion of the Bratislava Philatelic Exhibition. The values were thirty heller green, seventy h. dark carmine, eighty h. dark violet, and one crown thirty h. brown, but there were only three designs.



These showed the town of Bratislava with a post-horn encircling a postage stamp, and two pleasing portraits, one of a philatelic student and the other of the postmaster-general examining stamps.

They are photogravure printed, and the interesting thing is that they have the double cross watermark of Hungary, which makes me think they must have been printed at Budapest.

In 1940 the Germans issued for Bohemia and Moravia a Red Cross stamp depicting a wounded soldier being tended by a nurse.

The inscription on the stamp was in German and Czech and read, "For the German Red Cross." I am told by someone who was in the country at the time that the sales were exceedingly small.

Hitler put himself on a long series which were recess printed by the State printers at Prague in 1942. There were actually twenty values, ranging from ten heller to fifty crowns, all showing a characteristic likeness of the Fuehrer.

The engraving, I feel sure, was done by a Czech, because when you look into the features under a glass they are by no means flattering.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Mother and Child doing well!"

